

BAT MASTERSON SWEARS IN.

AT LEAST THEY SAY IT WAS BAT, BUT HE DIDN'T LOOK IT.

Amor Pleen Is His Tipple, and When His Hand Goes to His Hip He Pulls a Card Case (Violating Card)—Given Marshal Henkel's Daughter the High Handshake

CHAPTER I.

"You curl! You have stabbed me!" It was United States Marshal Henkel who uttered the above exclamation. He was alone in his office, and over him glowered the black face and gleaming dagger of Vito la Duca, dread bulwark of the Black Hand.

"You shall not escape me this time!" cried the terror of the tenements. "Take that!" and ere Marshal Henkel could reach for his trusty revolver, the blade was buried—once, twice, thrice.

A moment of silence—and then a new terror burst upon them.

CHAPTER II.

All this happened in the office of United States Marshal Henkel in the Federal Building, to which Vito la Duca had made his entrance by climbing the fire escape.

Behind him glittered the dark faces and bright blades of his Black Hand assassins. As Vito la Duca buried his dagger in the cushions of the chair from which Marshal Henkel had leaped to save his life, a new figure sprang through the door.

Booted and spurred as he was, he carried a suggestion of stalwart strength.

"Back!" he cried. "Or Mary Jane, the trusted revolver that never misses her mark, will hark in your vital!"

Foiled, the terror of the tenements staggered back, dropping his dagger.

Yet the hour of danger had not yet wholly passed.

Vito la Duca made an almost imperceptible gesture. From a tall secretary behind the stalwart stranger leaped the athletic figure and gleaming eyes of the Bull.

Like a snake he was upon the stranger.

But his giant strength was matched for once with equal strength. By a clever jiu-jitsu movement, the stranger heaved the Bull over his head.

He lay prostrate, his back broken.

With rare presence of mind, Marshal Henkel gagged Vito la Duca by jamming a wastepaper basket over his head.

It was but a moment's work to slip the darbies upon the prostrate mafiosi.

The rest of the gang fled down the fire escape.

"You have saved my life!" cried Marshal Henkel. "Who are you?"

"Bat Masterston, the bloodstained avenger of Butte!" cried the latter—for it was tearing off the whiskers from his handsome countenance.

A thud! A series of sharp explosions! And the newly indicted deputy marshal was called upon to face a new foe.

CHAPTER III.

Merely the advance sheets of "Bat Masterston Library No. 1," entitled, "Bat Masterston in New York," on the trail of the Black Hand. It is expected that this number will be issued right away, since Bat Masterston is here. He has come, he has arrived. He took the oath of office yesterday, and counterfeiting plants all over the city are being beaten into frying pans.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a corps of war correspondents and newspaper missionaries stood in United States Marshal Henkel's office, waiting. As they waited they talked in awesome whispers of Billy Kid and Black Bart, and the certain fact that West and wrote home about Deadwood.

The door opened, and a middle sized, middle aged gentleman, plump and benevolent of face, entered the room. Nobody noticed him until he walked up to the desk, and Black Bart, the drinking small voice with a baseball accent:

"Is this the marshal?"

"If it is, my boy," said the marshal, taking him for a reporter, "take a seat with the rest of the boys. He'll be here in a minute."

The stranger turned toward the press bench, then turned back and said:

"You see," he said, "well, the fact is, I'm on special business—my name's Masterston."

"What?" roared the marshal.

"W. B. Masterston," said the stranger, shrinking slightly.

"Bat Masterston!" roared the marshal, as the corps of correspondents clustered from the tables to the floor and began to ush up cameras.

"Yes, yes, sir," murmured the stranger, smiling slightly.

A neat black suit of fashionable cut, a gray shirt with a small figure, a black tie, a little pearl pin, trousers creased mathematically.

Was this Bat Masterston?

The marshal asked for his name in full. Mr. Masterston made a quick, accurate motion to his right hand pocket. Three photographers leaped to the rear to catch him in the act of drawing. He produced a neat, knickerbocker, a cigar, and a card, which he drew a small engraved card. And a white silk handkerchief fluttered to the floor.

Was this Bat Masterston?

Marshal Henkel saw him in and persuaded him to stand for his photograph. He faced the cameras with a sad, self-deprecating air. One photographer wanted him to fold his arms and throw out his chest.

"In sorry, but it looks too tough that way," he said. "After five flashes had gone off he remarked that flashlight powder made the room rather close, and he'd just as soon go out in the hall for a minute."

Some one offered him a cigar, but he answered, much obliged, he wasn't smoking.

Was this Bat Masterston?

The marshal introduced him to his office force and to his daughter. Holding his derby by the very edge of the brim, Bat raised his right hand to the level of the shoulder, greeted each and every one of the three times from right to left, murmuring meanwhile that he was glad to meet her.

She remarked that it was a beautiful day, and he said yes, it seemed as though the spring had really broken.

Marshal Henkel said that, while he didn't usually drink in office hours, he thought the occasion called for something. Mr. Masterston, blushing slightly, said that he didn't mind if he did. On the way over Mr. Masterston complained that the New York hotels aren't so quiet as they used to be. He volunteered the further information that Mrs. Masterston enjoyed the trip up from Hot Springs very much.

"What will you have, Mr. Masterston?" asked the marshal.

At that name the bartender, who reads the papers, jumped. His mouth flew open and he reached for a bottle of the strongest grade of whiskey and the cayenne pepper box.

"I think," said the stranger from the West, in his sonorous and dignified voice, "I'll have something light. I've a slight headache as a result of changing climate. Mix me an amber picon, please."

Was this Bat Masterston?

Mr. Masterston was assigned to special secret work for the United States District Attorney.

As there was nothing secret doing yesterday, he was told that he might go home and report in the morning. His pay began yesterday, but he started off with a vacation. He signed all the rolls, took all the official orders, received his badge and floated up Broadway.

But was it really Bat Masterston?

Record in Copper Production.

BUTTE, Mon., March 28.—The Washoe mine of the Amalgamated Copper Company at Anaconda has established a record in copper production. The production for the first three weeks of March was 10,000,000 pounds. The mine has been treating on an average 7,000 tons of ore daily from the Butte mines.

Electric Cab Service

For shopping, calling, meeting trains and steamers.

Theatre and return \$2.50.

Limit: 25th Street and Washington Square.

Surreys and Victorias for pleasure driving.

Smart Theatre Busses.

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Reasonable rates.

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40th St. and 5th Avenue.

Telephone 2399 Columbia.

FRENCH AIMS IN MOROCCO.

Dental That Kaiser's Visit Will Have Any Effect on the Policy.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, March 28.—According to the *Matin* it is not true that Germany conducted secret negotiations with France in regard to Morocco. Prior to the conclusion of the Anglo-French convention Foreign Minister Delcassé gave a formal assurance that German interests in Morocco would be absolutely safeguarded, and he is ready to give such assurance again, even in writing.

The German Government never raised the slightest protest against the Anglo-French convention. Therefore it is absolutely incorrect to say that Germany could have had any grievance against France on the occasion of the signing of that convention. It is equally incorrect to suppose that the German Emperor's coming visit to Tangier is in the nature of a protest against French policy in Morocco.

The Emperor's visit could have no sort of political character, the *Matin* continues, and can in no way alter the line of conduct France has laid down for herself, which, while safeguarding the economic interests of other European powers in Morocco, aims at restoring the authority of the Sultan and establishing in the empire, under French influence, order, prosperity and tranquillity.

TO ENTERTAIN KING ALFONSO.

Great Preparations Being Made in London and Paris.

Special Cable Dispatches to THE SUN.

LONDON, March 28.—Plans for the entertainment of King Alfonso in London are about completed. The Spanish monarch will arrive here on June 1, crossing the Channel in the royal yacht *Victoria* and Albert. The programme will probably include a royal family dinner at Buckingham Palace on the night of the King's arrival, a state banquet, a state ball at the palace, a dinner party or ball at Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales; a gala performance at the opera, and entertainments at the Spanish and Austro-Hungarian embassies and at Lansdowne House, the residence of the Foreign Secretary. The King will also spend a day at Windsor Castle.

It is expected that after his official visit to the court King Alfonso will tour England and Scotland and then proceed to Berlin and Vienna.

PARIS, March 28.—King Alfonso has made known his desire to form a close acquaintance with the French army during his visit here, and the General Staff is drawing up a programme for two reviews upon a gigantic scale at Vincennes and Châlons-sur-Marne.

SECRETARY MORTON AT HAVANA.

Cordial Exchange of Greetings With the President of Cuba.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

HAVANA, March 28.—The United States despatch boat *Dolphin*, with Secretary of the Navy Morton, Speaker Cannon and Senator Hale on board, arrived here this morning. Secretary Morton, accompanied by the members of his party and Minister Squiers and Mr. Sleeper, Secretary of Legation, visited President Palma. There was a cordial exchange of greetings. The *Dolphin* will leave to-morrow for Fernandina.

The United States transport *Sumner* arrived here last night and will leave to-morrow for New Orleans. She visited San Juan, Culebra, Ponce and Mayaguez. The *Sumner* will visit Southwest Pass on the way to New Orleans.

SPANISH FAMINE.

Thousands Are Begging in the Districts of Andalusia.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, March 28.—A despatch to the *Express* from Madrid says that thousands of persons are reported to be starving in Andalusia. A mob of hungry peasants tried to attack the army granaries at Lebrija, twenty-nine miles southwest of Seville. Falling to capture them the peasants set them on fire.

In the city of Cadiz, where they are dying owing to the lack of pasture. Two thousand inhabitants of a village near Seville have gone to the roadsides to beg. This is a frequent occurrence in other places in the famine stricken districts.

Dead Infant Found in the Woods.

Two Italians while strolling through Hick's woods in the vicinity of Oxford street, Montclair, N. J., yesterday found the body of a male infant. It was fully clothed and wrapped in a sheet and some newspapers which were partly burned. The police and county physician were notified, and the latter ordered the removal of the body to a morgue in Orange.

The Weather.

The Western storm area advanced northeastward and had its center over the Chesapeake, causing rain in the Lake region and the upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys and southward to Texas. Elsewhere the weather was fair. It was warmer in the Lake region and the upper Mississippi valley and southward to the Gulf. The temperature fell in the Missouri valley and the Rocky Mountain region.

In the city of New York, fair, continued warm to-day; to-morrow, partly cloudy and cooler, probably showers; fresh winds, mostly southwest.

Highest temperature, 72° at 1 P. M.

For the portion to-morrow, showers and cooler, except in eastern Maine; fresh shifting winds, becoming southwest.

For Pennsylvania, fair, continued warm to-day; to-morrow, partly cloudy and cooler, probably showers in north and west portion; fresh southwest winds.

For Delaware, fair to-day and to-morrow; fresh south to southwest winds.

For the District of Columbia, fair, continued warm to-day; to-morrow, partly cloudy and cooler; fresh southwest winds.

For New Jersey, fair to-day; to-morrow, partly cloudy; probably showers in north portion; cooler in the interior; fresh southwest winds.

For western Pennsylvania, partly cloudy to-day; thunder showers and much cooler in the afternoon or night; to-morrow, generally fair; fresh to brisk southwest to northwest winds.

H. L. WOODWARD KILLS HIMSELF

BROTHER OF THE JUSTICE A SUICIDE IN CLEVELAND.

A Brother-in-Law of Collector Stranahan

Who Said He Was Working Under a Strain—Wrote Wife He Had Poor Success—Another Suicide in Same Hotel.

CLEVELAND, March 28.—Henry L. Woodward, a lawyer of New York, and brother of Justice John Woodward of the Supreme Court, shot and killed himself in his room at the Hollenden Hotel to-day. C. A. Brouse, a traveling man from Toledo, also killed himself to-day in the same hotel in a similar manner.

Woodward shot himself in the right temple. His body was found shortly after noon. Hotel employees, who were called to the scene, found a letter from his wife in his pocket and saw the body. The dead man lay in the bed, apparently just as he had retired for the night. The pistol was still in his hand, his finger on the trigger. Blood from the wound had dried in a pool on the bed, covering the hand and nearly concealing the weapon.

Woodward left no writing to show why he killed himself. He had been a guest at the Hollenden several weeks. He started out some months ago as representative of the Banks Law Publishing Company of New York. Several weeks ago in Ashtabula, Ohio, he fell from a street car and sprained his ankle. He spent seven or eight days in a hospital there.

It is shown that letters from Woodward's effects, which were sent to his family from Ashtabula, Friends there gave him letters introducing him to attorneys in Cleveland. Letters from Mrs. Woodward were found. One written last Wednesday is in reply to one from him. He had written saying he was meeting with little success and that he was drinking again.

In the letter of Wednesday she sent him money and urged him to fight his appetite for drink by returning to her. Since then letters came from her every day. Some days there were two. She kept asking him she had not heard from him and why he did not answer her letters.

Woodward drank considerably here.

The body at the Coroner's direction was taken to undertaking rooms and relatives at New York were notified.

Brouse's body was found soon after Woodward's and followed it to the same undertaking rooms an hour later. Letters found on Brouse suggest no motive for his suicide. He had no money in his pockets. Little is known of him. He came to the hotel Friday. From cards in his pockets it seems that he was a salesman for the National Supply Company of Toledo. Brouse, like Woodward, had left no note to tell why he killed himself.

Woodward was about 35 years old and a graduate of the Cornell law school. He was a brother of Justice John Woodward of Jamestown, who has long been sitting in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn. Woodward's wife is the sister of the late New York Collector of the Port of New York. They had no children and lived in the University apartments at 1161 Madison street. He practiced law at 20 Liberty street. He had been a member of Cummings & Woodward, but the firm was dissolved. He also spent a great deal of time at Albany compiling law books.

Collector Stranahan said last night that the young man was a victim of nervous exhaustion. From cards in his pockets when he was really not fit for the strain. His wife heard from him frequently and from his letters the family judged that he was in a cheerful frame of mind, although he fretted because he was not able to get around. He gave no intimation that he intended to commit suicide.

Justice Woodward, for Cleveland last night to bring the body east for burial.

MRS. R. G. INGERSOLL GETS AWARD

Receives \$100,000 Fee Due Her Husband in Davis Will Contest.

BOSTON, March 28.—Judge Putnam of the United States Circuit Court to-day found for Mrs. Eva A. Ingersoll, the widow of Robert G. Ingersoll, for \$95,000 with interest at 6 per cent. from 1897, in her suit against Henry A. Root of Butte, Mont., and Joseph A. Cornum, who had employed her husband in a contest over the will of Andrew J. Davis, the Montana mining man.

The amount awarded to Mrs. Ingersoll as administratrix of the estate of her husband is the balance of a fee of \$100,000 due the latter for services rendered from 1891 to 1897 in the celebrated will contest. Col. Ingersoll appeared for the late Maria Elizabeth Davis, the wife of the late Elizabeth S. Ladd and M. Louise Dunbar of Springfield, Mass., and Ellen S. Cornum, relatives of Davis.

A compromise was effected under which they received substantial shares of the estate. Prior to the contract made by Cornum and Root with Col. Ingersoll, the latter was to act as counsel for the contestants named, the latter had assigned to Root one-third of whatever they should receive from the estate and Cornum had assigned their remaining two-thirds to Cornum.

BODY DREDGED FROM HARBOR

Murder Suspected in Drowning of Engineer

Writen at New London.

NEW LONDON, Conn., March 28.—The body of Charles H. Witter, an engineer, was dredged from the upper harbor near Drummond's wharf this morning. He had been lying at the bottom of the river for ten days.

Witter came to New London on the night of March 17 from his home in Old Saybrook intending to take the Norwich Line steamer for New York where he had planned to meet his brother. While waiting for the steamer to leave he visited several friends and at a late hour was at a resort in Bradley street with four young men who have been arrested for having caused the death of George Manuel Silva, Patrick Donovan, George Gleason and Leo Shandor. It is alleged that Witter was robbed and thrown into the river.

INDICT WIRE TAPPER AGAIN.

Felix's Missing Friend Williams Wanted Twice Over.

Why Frank Williams, one of the "wire tappers" accused of swindling John F. Felix out of \$50,000, found it convenient to get out of this jurisdiction by forfeiting \$5,000 cash bail was possibly explained yesterday when the Grand Jury filed an order indicting against him.

This time Williams, who is also known as Charles Wyatt, is charged with having acted in conjunction with Harry Cohen and Rudolph Barntin in plotting to kidnap Wood, a broker of Pittsfield, Mass., in a "wire tapping" swindle. Wood said that the trio got \$4,000 out of him by getting him to bet, on Nov. 30 last, on a horse named Larry Brooks.

Williams is said to have gone to Atlantic City. Two Central Office men were there on Sunday looking for him.

MRS. CHADWICK FORBID LABOR.

Will Again Make Clothes for Male Prisoners if Sentence Remains.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, March 28.—Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick will make shirts and undershirts for the male prisoners of the Ohio Penitentiary during the term of service for which she was sentenced yesterday, unless the United States Court of Appeals hereafter rescind the sentence.

She will stitch for nine hours each day, have the privilege of two hours leisure among the other female prisoners in the workroom and spend the balance of each twenty-four hours in a cell that looks out nowhere. The needle will not be an unfamiliar instrument to her, as she did this kind of work when she was in the Ohio Penitentiary, back in the '90s, as Mme. de Vere, the fortune teller.

TO RAISE BULLFROGS NOW.

Government Hatchery to Be Established at San Marcos, Tex.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 28.—The United States Government has taken steps toward establishing a large bullfrog hatchery at San Marcos, thirty miles south of here. There is a Government fish hatchery at San Marcos.

Capt. William O'Leary, superintendent of the station, is fitting up the novel adjunct to the fish hatchery.

BETS MADE IN WHISPERS.

Capt. McNally Makes an Axe Raid in the Fulton Building—Seismom Affair.

Capt. McNally of the Church street police station and his detectives raided an alleged poolroom in the Fulton Building, Liberty and Washington streets, yesterday afternoon. Nineteen men were found in three offices on the third floor, and four of them were arrested.

Detective Reardon saw a man, known to him as a former poolroom man, going up into the Fulton Building last Saturday. Yesterday the captain and his sleuths were waiting for him and saw him go into an office on the third floor.

Everything was so quiet inside that the police thought they must be mistaken about its being a poolroom. But after listening intently for some time they perceived, they say, that all business was being transacted in whispers. The man who received the racing news over the telephone, they say, whispered it to the announcer, and the announcer went into the next room and whispered the results to the patrons.

After they had listened to the whispering a while Detective Reardon brought the axe into play on the door, which gave way and disclosed a roomful of prosperous looking men most of them with white whiskers. They were sitting quietly around the room, together with their wives, well supplied with whiskey, beer and cigars. The offices were handsomely furnished.

When the police broke in some of the men made a rush for a third room, which was empty and opened into the hall, and which had evidently been rented as a getaway route for just such an emergency. The police had that door guarded, however, and no one escaped.

Most of the men set very quiet and in the police thought they were not to be taken in. They were for the most part business men and merchants with business places in New York and homes in New Jersey. The police thought they had broke in on a meeting of church deacons.

The whole bunch were carted to the Church street station house in the patrol wagon, together with the telephones and racing sheets and slips.

Edward Wilson, 26 years old, no business, of 116 Third avenue was held as the alleged proprietor of the poolroom. He is 31 years old, no business, of 245 Henry street; William Johnson, 31 years old, a drug clerk, of Lakewood, N. J., and W. J. Davis, 30 years old, no business, of 27 Green street, were held for aiding and abetting a poolroom. Bail was the cashier and had \$25.

The wife of the man who went to go after giving their names. The place, the cops say, had been in operation only since Saturday.

TRAFFIC COP ARRESTS ABI,

Enjoins of Traffic Cops, for Driving Around a Corner Wrong.

Ahl Peace of Brooklyn, who recently got an injunction from Justice Gaynor restraining Police Commissioner McAdoo from interfering with the traffic around Borough Hall, Brooklyn, was arrested yesterday afternoon by Policemen La Rue, at Thirty-second street and Sixth avenue, Manhattan, for turning the corner with his horse and wagon on the wrong side of the road.

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